my sun

Mas Kalif

Slowly turns the key of time
In the lock of promises broken
In mute silence of my space
I crouch under my yearning
Under my yearningThe works of my gods receding now
Evade my grasping handsHer hair I would long to adorn
With glowing stars
Her brow with shining sun
In silver I would trace
The moonshine of her grace
The shining onePerfection of the skies
I knew and memories of my days
Fade away beyond my reach
And change to lonely nightsBut ever so slowly
Turns the key of time
In a rusty lock
Of broken promises

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